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## The Fate of Class Movements

THERE is one feature of the election, overlooked in the natural interest in the main developments, which will receive more attention as time passes and final results are tabulated in a form which will permit accurate comparisons. That feature is the collapse of the claims of the so-called class movement in the United States.

The Socialist party claimed that it would garner as high as five million votes. The Farmer-Labor party expected to receive the support of hundreds of thousands of progressive Republicans and Democrats. The Non-Partisan League believed it would sweep an extensive section of the West. But none of these things came to pass. The Socialists showed a gain, to be sure, but the total vote for Debs will, on the face of the present returns, be closer to two millions than to five. The Farmer-Labor party did not even dent the consciousness of the American people. The people had sized up the party, its platform and its candidates during the Chicago convention and had decided that this was not the third party, but merely a false alarm.

The Non-Partisan League, which has ruled North Dakota for four years, electing state and congressional officials and enacting a large number of class laws, had high hopes of gaining a foothold in Minnesota, Montana and Colorado. It not only failed in its campaigns abroad but suffered some disastrous reverses in its own camp, and while it succeeded in saving a fusion candidate for United States Senator and re-elected a number of state officials, it lost the state legislature and one of its two members of Congress.

Those who feared that the parties which represent class interests would attract an imposing number of votes based their beliefs on the assumption that there was not only a strong undercurrent of class spirit in America but that there existed a sentiment of general dissatisfaction with the conservative spirit of the two major parties. This view has been widely press-agented but apparently its only result was to make the American people fear the worst but work for the best.

It becomes evident, therefore, that one of the outstanding facts of the recent election is that the American citizen believes in home-made political thought, European fashions in political garments do not overwhelm him. He is content to wear the old, honest, homespun politics, of American manufacture, varying the cut now and then to agree with more modern lines, but clinging always to his faith in a fabric which he believes will wear the best.

In other words the American citizen makes a poor Red. He is not even a Rose Pink.

## Paying Paul But Starving Peter

THE Osage Indian reservation in Oklahoma contains some of the richest oil lands in the United States and the development of their resources is bringing undreamed-of wealth to the owners. It is estimated that the least any member of the Osage tribe will receive in 1920 will be \$9,000, and since the families generally consist of four or five members there will be between \$36,000 and \$45,000 distributed in many of the Indian homes this year.

From time to time the newspapers print new incidents reflecting upon the manner in which the Indians dispose of this sudden wealth and one reads of a red man who sends a taxi after a pound of beefsteak or of a brave who buys an expensive, high-powered car

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and hires a chauffeur to drive him endlessly through the streets of the nearest town.

Perhaps some of the incidents have been exaggerated but the sudden showering of wealth upon the Indians and their inability to handle their money wisely, which is the foundation of all these stories, exist in fact.

There is some poetic justice in oil being found on lands turned over to the Indians by the white men but the pitiable part of this whole thing is that when fortune finally decided to smile upon the red men she chose one little group which is no more entitled to the oil lands of Oklahoma than thousands of other Indians in the United States.

The Osages who now summon their limousines and drive into the village in upholstered luxury to do their shopping were placed in Oklahoma by the government several years ago, and given the lands they now occupy in lieu of a barren reservation they occupied in Kansas. It would be pleasant to record that the Osages toiled willingly upon the broad acres of the new state and that as the result of their labors fine farms took form and great herds of cattle grazed and grew fat upon the land. But it cannot be so written. The white man, of course, says the Indian was lazy. The Indian, perhaps with considerable justice, retorts that the white man kept the best land and gave him a tract of poor soil which was adapted to neither farming nor stock raising. At any rate the Osages dragged out a miserable existence in their new homes and did not bother to improve their title to their lands by dint of industry. Then oil was found and in less than a year the Indians were on the road to wealth and the reservation gave signs of becoming the richest community in the United States.

At least a share of the money from oil and leases in the Osage reservation should be devoted in some way to advancing the conditions of the 250,000 Indians in the United States whose title as wards of the government is certainly as good as those of the lucky red man of Oklahoma, and many of whom are living today in genuine poverty.

The thing can be done easily enough. There will be no trouble whatever in finding worthy ways of investing this money so that its benefits will be perpetuated and will serve to educate and to better the opportunities of future generations of these first Americans. All that is needed is a little constructive thought, and after our long record of injustice, of cruelty and of bungling kindness in our treatment of the Indians it would seem that we would do well to consider it.

## Well Done, Wisconsin!

WISCONSIN announces with pride—and rightly so—that 87.7 per cent of the farms within her borders are cultivated by the owners. With many states complaining of a drift away from the land, this record has not been achieved in Wisconsin without cause, and one will rightly imagine that the efforts put forth to accomplish such results must have been so pronounced that they will not be hard to discover.

Wisconsin, like many north and northwestern states, has thousands of acres of uncultivated cut-over lands. Like all such states it also is anxious to see such lands settled and developed. The difference between Wisconsin and some of its sister commonwealths lies in the way it has gone about the accomplishment of its desires. Where other states left the colonization of their lands to real estate dealers, honest or otherwise—and history shows they were often otherwise—Wisconsin has officially recognized her responsibility and has taken pains to perform this duty faithfully with regard to both the settlers and the state's best interests.

The immigration division of the state is in charge of the work. It safeguards home seekers against promoters who offer worthless lands for sale; it keeps an eye on land agents, censors their advertisements and handles the publicity which the railroads give to undeveloped lands. Last year alone it gave honest advice to 14,000 colonists in search of farms and was actually responsible for placing almost 1,600 families.

One of the immediate results can be seen in the figures which show that while many states record an increased number of tenant farmers or abandoned farms during the last 10 years, Wisconsin can point to an increase of six per cent in farm ownership during that time.

The true results cannot, of course, be measured now. Only the future can tell how bountifully Wisconsin will be repaid for the care with which she tended the flame of hunger for land ownership until it glowed so brightly that it outshone the alluring glow of the cities. But none can doubt that among the richest rewards will be that type of ideal citizenship which is ever characteristic of American communities where men own their homes.

## Watch This Movement

LOOK over your newspapers carefully and see if you can detect a new dose of pro-whisky propaganda. Not that your local editor or newspaper owner is that kind of a man; it is in the material he buys from the big syndicates and special writers.

The new pro-whisky propaganda has two main lines of attack.

The first is that prohibition is going to cost a lot of money for enforcement. A very suspicious amount of publicity is being given to the cost of enforcement of public law. Interests who saddled the country with the incalculable costs of poverty, crime, insanity and drink-sodden citizenship, are now becoming very tender of the public purse in the matter of keeping the whisky wolf out of the land.

The second line of attack is that prohibition is not prohibiting. Of course it isn't; the interests that own the whisky see to that. But the saloon is prohibited, millions of men are drinkless and sober who would otherwise be but half-men today. With the help of the straggling army of toppers who will guzzle their drink as long as they can obtain it, the interests which own the liquor are making a desperate attempt to keep up the semblance of a whisky business in defiance of the law in order to impress the people with the fallacy of prohibition.

The liquor in the United States is owned and traded in illegally by one class of people almost exclusively. It is a class which has always lived off the corruption of another class. It is a small class, conscienceless, rapacious, and bound together by ancient bonds. This class poisons the flesh with whisky, just as it poisons the mind with ideas of social disorder. The insistent propaganda which is now being spread broadcast through the American press on the plea of writing something interesting is hastening an exposure of some importance.

When newspapers and theaters join to keep King Booze alive—whose work do you think it is?

## By Trial and Failure

IT IS said that a young associate of a great inventor once came to him discouraged, with a disheartening story that he had been working on a machine and could not succeed in making it go. "Well," replied the inventor, "keep on fooling with it till you do."

He understood the man and knew that he had worked for many months, earnestly and patiently, to achieve perfection in this particular piece of mechanism. He also knew that life is made up of a series of experiments, and that we hope each turn will bring the success for which we are striving. But the patient inventor also knew one thing more: he knew that if an honest endeavor is persisted in, success is sure to come.

So it was that the younger man turned again to his task and—as luck had it—that very day happened on the lucky combination of working parts for the machine which "made it go."

The principle of "trial and failure" is one well recognized among scientific men. It means that when a certain combination of chemicals or machine parts fails to produce the desired result, the experimenter simply counts the time spent on it as bringing him just that much nearer the solution of the problem—one more step has been taken, one more of the unknown number of wrong possibilities has been eliminated.

It's just one more trial and failure—but in the end, the proper combination must be found, the last difficulty overcome by force of sheer persistence, and the goal achieved.

In life we struggle until we learn the way that brings Success, the real Success, with a capital "S."

In the end, if we persist in earnest always bending every effort to reach a definite goal, that goal will some time—perhaps in years, perhaps in days—appear. It may require hundreds of determined efforts—each followed by a discouraging failure—but one never knows when the next attempt will be the lucky one.

Who knows how much the world has been advanced by the persistence of the men who have continued to stand up, with determination, after many crushing failures, and said through clenched teeth: "I will try it again—and again—and again?"

And who knows how many life failures might have been turned to brilliant successes with just one more try for success?

Success doesn't step forth and salute the quitter. Unless you've already discovered it, it is still in waiting—yours perhaps at your very next effort.

Don't quit—don't even think of quitting—until you've found it!